

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL K244 J

TX188

"DOCTOR WHO" 7L

"THE HAPPINESS PATROL"

by

2/11/88

Graeme Curry

EPISODE ONE

Producer .....	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Script Editor .....	ANDREW CARTMEL
Production Associate .....	JUNE COLLINS
Finance Assistant .....	HILARY BARRATT
Production Secretary .....	KATE EASTEAL
Director .....	CHRIS CLOUGH
Production Manager .....	GARY DOWNIE
A.F.M. .....	LYNN GRANT
Production Assistant .....	JANE WELLESLEY
Designer .....	JOHN ASBRIDGE
Costume Designer .....	RICHARD CROFT
Make-Up Designer .....	DORKA NIERADZIK
Visual Effects Designer .....	PERRY BRAHAN
Technical Co-Ordinator .....	RICHARD WILSON
Lighting Director .....	
Sound Supervisor.....	SCOTT TALBOT
Video Effects .....	DAVE CHAPMAN
Special Sound .....	DICK MILLS

READTHROUGH: 14th July

1st STUDIO REHEARSAL: 15th - 25th July

STUDIO: 26th/27th/28th July

2nd STUDIO REHEARSAL: 1st - 9th August

STUDIO: 10th/11th August

"DOCTOR WHO 7L" "THE HAPPINESS PATROL" EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
ACE  
EARL  
HELEN A  
SILAS P  
WOMAN KILLJOY  
TREVOR SIGMA  
HAROLD V  
THE WARDER  
GILBERT M  
THE KANDYMAN  
SUSAN Q  
JOSEPH C

NON-SPEAKING:

EXECUTION VICTIM  
HAPPINESS PATROL GUARDS

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Street/Bluesy Street/Street with Fire Escape  
Forum Square  
Helen A's Suite  
Second Street/Street outside Kandy Kitchen/Street next to Forum  
Kandy Kitchen  
Execution Yard  
Arcadia  
Happiness Patrol Headquarters

\* \* \* \* \*

MODEL SHOT:

Establishing Shot of Planet in Space

\* \* \* \* \*

"DOCTOR WHO 7L"

'THE HAPPINESS PATROL'

by

Graeme Curry

EPISODE ONE

MODEL SHOT 1:

A planet hanging in  
space: Terra Alpha.

This shot is to  
ESTABLISH that the story  
isn't taking place on  
Earth, so the colours  
of the planet or its  
configuration of  
satellites, should be  
distinctively un-  
Earthlike.

1. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(A DARK, MOODY  
URBAN STREET,  
NOT PARTICULARLY  
ALIEN.

NEON SIGNS, FIRE  
ESCAPES, ETC.  
SHOULD GIVE A  
JAZZ OR BLUES  
FEEL.

THERE'S A BENCH  
BY A STREET  
LIGHT.

A WOMAN IS SITTING  
ON THE BENCH  
WITH HER HEAD  
IN HER HANDS.

SHE IS WEARING  
A DARK COAT.

AT THE OTHER END  
OF THE BENCH SILAS  
P IS READING A  
JOURNAL.

HE IS WEARING  
A DRAB GREY  
RAINCOAT.

HE LOWERS THE  
JOURNAL)

SILAS P: Do you want to talk about  
it?

WOMAN: I don't talk to strangers.

SILAS P: Perhaps I can help.

WOMAN: I didn't ask for any help.

SILAS P: But we both know you can't sit here like this. It's dangerous.

WOMAN: It's too late. I don't care any more. Let them find me.

(A PAUSE)

SILAS P: You don't have to face your suffering alone, you know.

WOMAN: (SUSPICIOUSLY) What do you mean?

SILAS P: There's a place, a secret place, where some of us go to indulge our depressions, to share our miseries. With other killjoys. Like you and me.

WOMAN: I'm not a killjoy.

SILAS P: That's what they would call you. Interested?

WOMAN: Perhaps.

SILAS P: It changed my life.

(HE TAKES OUT  
A CARD AND OFFERS  
IT TO THE  
WOMAN)

Look - here's my card.

(SHE HESITATES)

Go on. Take it.

(SHE TAKES THE  
CARD)

WOMAN: (READING) Silas P.

SILAS P: Other side.

(SHE TURNS THE  
CARD OVER)

WOMAN: But it says ...

SILAS P: Happiness Patrol. Undercover.

(SILAS P WHIPS  
OFF HIS RAINCOAT.

UNDERNEATH HE  
IS WEARING A  
PALE BLUE JOGGING  
SUIT.

IT IS DECORATED  
WITH A LARGE  
'P' AND TWO  
BRIGHTLY COLOURED  
BADGES)

Time to get really depressed!

(SILAS P BLOWS  
A WHISTLE.

THE WOMAN'S FACE  
IS SUDDENLY BATHED  
WITH LIGHT.

MEMBERS OF THE  
HAPPINESS PATROL,  
LED BY DAISY K,  
STEP FROM THE  
SHADOWS.

THEY ARE YOUNG  
WOMEN, DRESSED  
LIKE FUTURISTIC  
AMERICAN CHEERLEADERS.

THEY CARRY  
'FUN GUNS',

BULBOUS PLASTIC  
RED AND YELLOW  
MACHINE GUNS, WITH  
SMILE EMBLEMS  
EMBOSSED ON THEIR  
ROUND MAGAZINES.  
(HOWEVER THE  
GUNS ARE FULLY  
OPERATIONAL,  
FIRE REAL BULLETS,  
AND MAKE REAL  
MACHINE GUN SOUNDS).

THE HAPPINESS PATROL  
TRAIN THEIR GUNS  
ON THE WOMAN)

DAISY K: Have a nice death!

(CLOSE UP ON  
WOMAN'S FACE,  
TERRIFIED)

2. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(THE FORUM SQUARE  
IS TYPICAL OF  
TERRA ALPHA.

THE ARCHITECTURE  
AND COLOURS ARE  
DELIBERATELY  
REMINISCENT OF  
MID-20TH CENTURY  
SUBURBAN EARTH,  
WITH PASTEL COLOURS,  
SWEEPING CURVES,  
ABSTRACT SHAPES  
AND RATHER OLD-  
FASHIONED 'FUTURISTIC'  
DESIGN.

IT IS SPOTLESSLY  
CLEAN AND,  
DESPITE THE  
BRIGHT COLOURS,  
RATHER DEPRESSING.

AT ONE END OF  
THE SQUARE STEPS  
LEAD UP TO THE  
ENTRANCE OF THE  
FORUM, A SORT OF  
CIVIC ARTS CENTRE.

A LOUDSPEAKER  
STANDS IN THE  
SQUARE.

THE TARDIS  
MATERIALISES.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE STEP OUT)

ACE: How about a triceratops?

THE DOCTOR: Horned dinosaur with a  
mouth like a beak? The Brigadier  
saw one in the London Underground.

ACE: And a tyrannosaurus Rex?

THE DOCTOR: I've met quite a few,  
actually.

ACE: Wicked! And pterodactyls?

THE DOCTOR: Lots of pterodactyls,  
Ace.

ACE: Evil!

THE DOCTOR: Maybe we should pay a  
little visit sometime.

ACE: What? To the earth? During the  
Upper Cretaceous?

THE DOCTOR: It would be a good time  
for dinosaurs.

ACE: I love dinosaurs.

(THE SPEAKER IN  
THE SQUARE SUDDENLY  
BEGINS TO PLAY  
SMARMY MUZAK)

But I hate that. Lift music. Where  
are we, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Terra Alpha. What do  
you mean, lift music?

ACE: Like they play in lifts. What's  
Terra Alpha?

THE DOCTOR: A planet. An earth colony  
settled some centuries in your future.  
Do you like it?

ACE: No.

THE DOCTOR: No, neither do I. Why not?

ACE: Too clean. Too bright. Too happy.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I've been hearing disturbing rumours about Terra Alpha. I decided I'd look in some time.

ACE: So tonight's the night?

THE DOCTOR: Tonight's the night. Rumours of something evil, Ace. And we have to find out what's behind it all.

3. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(CLOSE UP OF  
HELEN A TALKING  
ON A FIFTIES-  
STYLE TELEVISION)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) ... so it just remains for Joseph C and I to thank you all for your sterling work in tracking down the killjoys and reporting them to the authorities who are, as usual doing a marvellous job.

(MOVE OUT TO  
SEE HELEN A  
WATCHING HERSELF  
ON THE SCREEN.)

JOSEPH C IS  
SITTING BESIDE  
HER, DOZING.

HELEN A GIVES  
HIS HAIR A  
PAINFUL TWEAK.

HE WAKES UP WITH  
A START)

I think you should watch this, darling. You'll find it instructive. (ON SCREEN) Progress is being made all the time. Rural areas are now enjoying a life of harmony and peace and the killjoys hiding in the cities do not have chance to stay unhappy for long.  
(cont...)

(THE MONITOR SHOWS  
A SOUNDLESS  
VIDEO RECORDING OF  
THE END OF THE  
FIRST SCENE,

SHOWING THE WOMAN  
IN THE MOMENTS  
LEADING UP TO  
HER DEATH)

HELEN: (O.O.V.) (cont) So remember -  
enjoy yourselves! Happiness will  
prevail.

4. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KANDY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARE WALKING  
ALONG A STREET,  
MORE BRIGHTLY  
LIT AND 'HAPPIER'  
THAN THE BLUESY  
STREET.

A DOOR LEADS  
OFF IT TO  
THE KANDY KITCHEN.

MUZAK IS PLAYING)

ACE: This music's winding me up,  
Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Makes you wonder how  
the natives stand it.

ACE: I haven't seen any natives.

THE DOCTOR: There's one.

(TREVOR SIGMA,  
A SMALL, GREY,  
BUREAUCRATIC-  
LOOKING MAN CARRYING  
A CLIPBOARD,  
JOINS THEM.

HE ADDRESSES  
ACE)

TREVOR SIGMA: Name?

ACE: Ace.

TREVOR SIGMA: No nicknames, aliases,  
pseudonyms, noms de plumes. Real name.

ACE: That is my real name. Tell him, Professor.

THE DOCTOR: What's in a name?

TREVOR SIGMA: I could report you for that.

ACE: Can you smell something, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Now you mention it ...

ACE: It smells good, whatever it is. And it's making me feel hungry.

THE DOCTOR: It seems to be coming from over there.

(ACE WALKS TOWARDS  
THE KANDY KITCHEN)

I'm sorry about Ace, Mr ... You didn't tell me your name.

TREVOR SIGMA: You're right. I didn't. But I don't have to. I'm on official business from Galactic Centre.

(ACE GOES INTO  
KANDY KITCHEN)

THE DOCTOR: How do I know you're telling the truth.

(TREVOR PULLS  
OUT HIS  
IDENTIFICATION.)

THE DOCTOR LOOKS  
AT IT)

TREVOR SIGMA: My identification.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Trevor Sigma.

TREVOR SIGMA: How do you know my name?

THE DOCTOR: Your identification.  
Actually my nickname at college was Theta Sigma.

TREVOR SIGMA: No nicknames.

5. INT. KANDY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(ACE ENTERS THE  
KANDY KITCHEN.

IT'S DESERTED  
AND SPOOKY.

THE KANDY KITCHEN  
LOOKS AS IF HEATH  
ROBINSON TRIED TO  
DESIGN A CHEERFUL  
DUNGEON AND  
TORTURE CHAMBER.

THERE IS A SERIES  
OF OVENS IN A  
BANK ALL ALONG  
ONE WALL AND  
MASSIVE PIPES  
HANGING LOW ON  
THE CEILING AND  
ALONG THE WALLS.

THERE'S A MANHOLE  
COVER IN THE  
FLOOR.

THE ROOM IS DECORATED  
WITH ODD ORNAMENTS  
LIKE PLASTIC  
SKULLS AND GRINNING  
JACK-O-LANTERN  
PUMPKINS.

BIG CAULDRONS SIT  
ON THE STOVES,  
SIMMERING.

TWO DENTIST-LIKE  
CHAIRS (WITH  
STRAPS) ARE  
SITUATED IN A  
CORNER.

THERE IS AN  
ELABORATE LEVER  
MECHANISM IN THE  
BEST, OUTRAGEOUS,  
HEATH ROBINSON  
MANNER ALONG ONE  
WALL - WHEN THE  
LEVER IS THROWN  
IT TRIGGERS OFF  
SOMETHING WHICH  
TRIGGERS OFF  
SOMETHING ELSE  
ETC., EVENTUALLY  
ACTIVATING SOME  
MECHANISM ON THE  
BIG PIPES.

THERE IS A KIND  
OF TUBE MAP ABOVE  
THE LEVER WHICH  
CAN LIGHT UP TO  
SHOW ACTIVITY IN  
A SYSTEM OF  
UNDERGROUND PIPES  
WHICH CONNECT  
TO THE KANDY  
KITCHEN)

ACE: Well weird.

6. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KANDY KITCHEN.  
NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
TREVOR SIGMA)

THE DOCTOR: So what you're saying  
is that you're conducting a census  
of the entire planet.

TREVOR SIGMA: Enquiries of that  
nature have to be referred back to  
the appropriate department at the  
Galactic Centre. Messages may be  
left at weekends, except in  
emergencies in which case the Sector  
Manager ... is available ...

THE DOCTOR: Well, it's been lovely  
talking to you, but Ace is probably  
in danger by now. Bye now!

(THE DOCTOR DOFFS  
HIS HAT AND FOLLOWS  
ACE INTO THE KANDY  
KITCHEN)

7. INT. KANDY KITCHEN.

(ACE IS EXAMINING  
THE LEVER  
MECHANISM, TRACING  
ITS ELABORATE  
PATH TOWARDS THE  
PIPES.

SHE IS JUST  
ABOUT TO PULL  
THE LEVER AND  
GIVE IT A TRY  
WHEN THE DOCTOR  
WALKS IN)

ACE: Professor, what do you think  
happens if I pull this?

(THE DOCTOR CATCHES  
HER HAND JUST  
BEFORE SHE PULLS  
THE LEVER)

THE DOCTOR: I don't know, Ace.  
And I don't intend to find out just  
yet.

ACE: Oh, Professor!

THE DOCTOR: Anyway, I thought you  
came in here because you were hungry.

ACE: Yeah, that's right.

(SHE MAKES A MOVE  
TO THE OVENS.

THE DOCTOR STOPS  
HER)

THE DOCTOR: But you're not having anything to eat, either.

(AS HE GUIDES  
ACE TOWARDS THE  
DOOR THE MANHOLE  
COVER OPENS  
SLIGHTLY,  
SUGGESTING LIFE  
BENEATH IT.)

WITHOUT SEEING  
IT, THE DOCTOR  
SENSES IT AND  
STOPS.

THE MANHOLE  
COVER SHUTS AGAIN  
IMMEDIATELY)

ACE: What is it, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Nothing.

(THEY WALK OUT)

8. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(EARL SIGMA, WEARING  
BLUESY CLOTHES AND  
SHADES, IS PLAYING  
BLUESY MUSIC ON A  
TRUMPET.

WE SUDDENLY HEAR  
THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL VEHICLE  
APPROACHING, THE  
CAR HORN PLAYING  
A NOISY, IMBECILIC  
TUNE.

EARL SIGMA QUICKLY  
REMOVES HIS  
SHADES, PUTS ON  
A BRIGHT HAT, AND  
STARTS PLAYING AN  
UP TEMPO, HAPPY  
TUNE.

THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL VEHICLE  
CRUISES DOWN THE  
STREET WITH FOUR  
PATROL MEMBERS  
IN IT, AND STOPS  
BESIDE EARL SIGMA,  
WHO CONTINUES  
PLAYING BUT LOOKS  
NERVOUS.

DAISY K GETS OUT  
OF THE VEHICLE,  
WALKS OVER TO  
EARL SIGMA AND  
STICKS A SMILE  
BADGE ON HIS COAT.

SHE GETS BACK  
INTO THE TRUCK  
AND THEY MOVE OFF)

9. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(A YARD DECORATED  
AS IF FOR A  
PARTY.

THERE ARE BALLOONS,  
RIBBONS AND  
BUNTING.

THE YARD IS  
DOMINATED BY A  
HUGE, BRIGHTLY-  
COLOURED WASTE  
PIPE.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARE LOOKING  
ROUND)

ACE: Looks like someone's having  
a party. Can we go, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: We haven't been invited,  
Ace.

ACE: We can crash it.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
POKING HIS  
UMBRELLA INTO  
THE WASTE PIPE)

THE DOCTOR: We don't crash parties.  
And we especially don't crash this  
one. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR PULLS  
HIS UMBRELLA DOWN,  
SEES A SUBSTANCE  
STICKING TO IT,  
AND TASTES IT)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) It's sweet.

ACE: Sweet?

10. INT. KANDY KITCHEN.

(GILBERT M AND TREVOR  
SIGMA WALK INTO THE  
KANDY KITCHEN TOGETHER.

WE SEE CAULDRONS OF  
SWEET SYRUP BUBBLING  
ON THE STOVE)

GILBERT M: Restructuring?

TREVOR SIGMA: The whole bureau.  
Top to bottom.

GILBERT M: I envy you, Trevor.

TREVOR SIGMA: Ten thousand new grades  
have been created and every decision  
now has to pass through five hundred  
new committees. You can imagine  
the extra paperwork.

GILBERT M: You must be thrilled.

TREVOR SIGMA: The bureau's moving  
into uncharted territory, Gilbert.  
I'm just happy to be aboard.

GILBERT M: Exciting. So what can  
I do for you.

TREVOR SIGMA: You remember last  
time I came I wasn't able to interview  
a certain person. I thought if I tried  
again he might be more co-operative.

GILBERT M: I don't know. A certain  
person is becoming increasingly  
difficult to handle.

(UNSEEN BY TREVOR SIGMA AND GILBERT M, THE KANDY MAN HAS COME INTO THE KITCHEN.

THE KANDY MAN IS HUMANOID BUT NOT HUMAN. HE IS ACTUALLY COMPOSED OF SWEET SUBSTANCES (WITH A ROBOTIC SKELETON, COMPLETELY UNSEEN, DEEP INSIDE HIS SYNTHETIC BODY). HE IS CHUBBY AND JOLLY LOOKING, BUT AT THE SAME TIME ELEGANT AND SINISTER. THE COLOUR OF HIS SKIN, LIPS ETC. SHOULD SUGGEST SWEETS AND SUGAR CONFECTIONS RATHER THAN HUMAN FLESH. HE IS TALL AND POWERFUL.

HE WEARS A WHITE LAB COAT, A BOW-TIE AND RED FRAMED MOVIE STAR GLASSES - THESE AND OTHER ARTICLES OF HIS APPAREL (THE PENS IN HIS POCKET ETC) ARE ALSO MADE OF CANDY)

KANDY MAN: Is he indeed?

TREVOR SIGMA: Kandy Man!

KANDY MAN: A certain person's patience  
is wearing thin. Now go!

(TREVOR SIGMA  
SCUTTLES OUT  
OF THE KANDY  
KITCHEN)

GILBERT M: It was just a few questions.

KANDY MAN: I don't give interviews.

(THE KANDY MAN  
SUAVELY REMOVES  
HIS SUNGLASSES  
AND TAKES A BITE  
OUT OF THEM)

11. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL VEHICLE  
DRIVES INTO THE  
SQUARE AND STOPS.

DAISY K AND THE  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
GUARDS EXAMINE  
THE TARDIS BRIEFLY,  
THEN TAKES OUT  
BRUSHES AND POTS  
OF PAINT AND  
START PAINTING  
IT PINK)

12. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(ACE AND THE DOCTOR  
ARE INSPECTING THE  
BENCH WHERE THE  
WOMAN SAT IN  
SCENE 1)

THE DOCTOR: Well?

ACE: Bullet holes?

THE DOCTOR: Definitely. Something very nasty is happening here. We must put a stop to it. Quickly.

ACE: How quickly?

THE DOCTOR: Tonight. Which means we must get to grips with the enemy very soon.

ACE: Is this going to be dangerous?

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(PAUSE)

ACE: Right. How do we start?

THE DOCTOR: I think we'll get ourselves arrested.

13. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(DAISY K AND THE  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
ARE ALMOST FINISHED  
PAINTING THE  
TARDIS PINK.)

JUST AS THEY  
COMPLETE THE JOB,  
THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE WALK CASUALLY  
INTO THE FORUM  
SQUARE)

ACE: Professor! Look what they've  
done!

THE DOCTOR: It looks rather good.

(DAISY K CONFRONTS  
THEM, HER FUN GUN  
READY)

DAISY K: (TO ACE) You look unhappy  
about something.

THE DOCTOR: On the contrary. We  
were just admiring your handiwork.  
(INSPECTING THE TARDIS) Miserable  
looking thing, wasn't it?

DAISY K: Our feeling exactly. And  
what about you? Are you happy?

THE DOCTOR: I would say so. Relatively  
speaking, that is. Given the deeply  
distressing nature of so many universal  
truths.

DAISY K: What do you mean?

THE DOCTOR: I'm happy.

(ACE, WHO HAS BEEN  
INSPECTING DAISY K  
DURING THIS EXCHANGE:)

ACE: Can't you afford a real gun?

(DAISY K SPINS  
ROUND AND  
DRAMATICALLY  
BLASTS THE  
LIGHT OFF THE  
TOP OF THE  
TARDIS)

Gordon Bennet.

THE DOCTOR: Not to worry. I've  
been meaning to change that bulb  
for ages.

(DAISY K SPINS  
BACK AND POINTS  
THE GUN AT THE  
DOCTOR AND ACE.

SUDDENLY THE  
SITUATION IS  
TENSE)

DAISY K: So why are you here? You  
don't look like locals. In fact,  
you look like killjoys.

THE DOCTOR: We're visitors.

ACE: Adventurers!

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but mainly just visitors.

DAISY K: So you are offworld?

THE DOCTOR: We're travelling through the colonies. Terra Alpha is the last stop on our itinerary. And very charming it is too, wouldn't you say, Ace?

ACE: Ace!

(DAISY K RELAXES  
HER GUN)

DAISY K: All right. You may go. But in future stay in the specified tourist zones. Sophie S. The candy.

(SOPHIE S PRODUCES  
A LARGE BOX OF  
CHOCOLATES WHICH  
SHE OFFERS TO ACE.

ACE TAKES ONE)

ACE: Thanks. I'm starving.

(THE BOX IS OFFERED  
TO THE DOCTOR)

DAISY K: Take one.

THE DOCTOR: I will. I'm just not very good at deciding.

DAISY K: Wait!

(SOPHIE S TAKES THE  
BOX AWAY.

DAISY K SIGNALS  
AND THE OTHERS  
RAISE THEIR GUNS)

(TO THE DOCTOR) Where's your badge?

THE DOCTOR: My badge?

DAISY K: All offworld personnel  
are given a free badge at customs.  
(TO ACE) And you. I haven't seen  
any of your badges before.

ACE: This one's Charlton Athletic.

THE DOCTOR: (HASTILY INTERRUPTING)  
These are all awards from other worlds.  
Ace's talents are recognised throughout  
the universe.

DAISY K: Can she entertain?

ACE: What?

THE DOCTOR: Of course she can.  
(INDICATING BADGES) This one's for  
tap dancing, this one's for car  
maintenance, this one's for her comedy  
act, this one's ...

DAISY K: That will do! You still  
haven't explained the absence of  
your badge.

THE DOCTOR: My badge, my badge.  
Now what did I do with my badge?  
Of course!

(THE DOCTOR SUDDENLY  
GOES INTO A SPIN  
WITH ACE AND COMES  
OUT WEARING HER  
JACKET)

There we are. (POINTING TO BADGES)  
This one was given to me by the  
Stroathans of the globular cluster  
of Storaz, this one's for my work  
in advancing the theory of ...

DAISY K: That's enough! Take them  
both to Arcadia. He's a spy. Helen  
A will no doubt have plans for him.  
As for the other one, if what the  
spy says is true she's perfect Happiness  
Patrol material.

ACE: (QUIETLY, TO THE DOCTOR) Happiness  
Patrol? What's that, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: No laughing matter.

14. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(VARIOUS MONITORING  
EQUIPMENT, TELEVISION  
CONSOLES, ETC.)

A FIRE STATION  
STYLE POLE, AN  
EXIT DOOR, A DOOR  
TO HELEN A's SUITE,  
BOTH SHUT.

SILAS P IS KNEELING  
BEFORE HELEN A.  
HELEN A STICKS  
ANOTHER BADGE ONTO  
HIS JOGGING SUIT)

HELEN A: Your third badge, Silas P.  
Forty-five killjoys to your credit.  
Impressive work.

SILAS P: It's forty-seven, actually.

HELEN A: I do the counting, thank  
you, Silas.

SILAS P: Sorry, ma'am.

HELEN A: Still, I like your  
initiative, your enterprise. I'll  
See that you go far.

SILAS P: I'm aiming for the top.

HELEN A: Not quite the very top,  
I hope, Silas.

15. INT. ARCADIA.

(ARCADIA, ALTHOUGH  
A PRISON, LOOKS  
LIKE AN AMUSEMENT  
ARCADE.)

HAROLD V IS GLOOMILY  
PLAYING A ONE-ARMED  
BANDIT BESIDE A  
BRIGHTLY-COLOURED  
CHUTE, THE ENTRANCE  
TO ARCADIA.

THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE (WITHOUT  
HER RUCK-SACK)  
SLIDE DOWN THE  
CHUTE, TUMBLE OVER,  
AND LAND NEXT TO  
HAROLD V)

THE DOCTOR: Hold the two bananas  
and give it a short, sharp pull.  
It never fails.

(HAROLD V FOLLOWS  
THE DOCTOR'S  
INSTRUCTIONS.  
NOTHING HAPPENS)

ACE: Ah well, you can't win them all.

HAROLD V: It's all right. I don't  
like winning.

THE DOCTOR: Why's that?

HAROLD V: First of all I'm a killjoy,  
and secondly I don't like the prize.

ACE: What is the prize?

(HAROLD V WINS  
THE JACKPOT)

HAROLD V: You're about to find out.

(HELEN A APPEARS  
ON A MONITOR  
OVER THE MACHINE)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) Congratulations and well played. Here is your prize joke. Did you hear about the killjoy who won an outing with the Happiness Patrol? He was tickled to death! Enjoy yourself!

(THE MACHINE ERUPTS  
WITH TUMULTUOUS  
APPLAUSE AND  
CANNED LAUGHTER)

THE DOCTOR: I see what you mean - her delivery's terrible.

HAROLD V: The joke's not much good either.

THE DOCTOR: You're right. It's awful. It's tasteless, smug, and worst of all, it's badly constructed. Who writes that stuff?

HAROLD V: I wrote it.

THE DOCTOR: You wrote it?

HAROLD V: I used to be her gag writer - when I was Harold F. Then my brother disappeared. I went to look for him. I heard of other disappearances. They caught me in the rocketport zone trying to contact Terra Omega. And brought me here, where I was regraded to Harold V.

ACE: So where exactly are we? It looks just like a ...

HAROLD V: It's clever, isn't it? It looks just like an amusement arcade. Until, that is, you try and get out of it.

(THE WARDER SEES  
THEM IN EARNEST  
CONVERSATION. IN  
ALL HIS APPEARANCE  
HE IS CONSTANTLY  
EATING SWEETS)

THE WARDER: Come on you lot. We don't put you in here so that you can mope around. Harold V, show him how to play 'Get Happy'.

ACE: 'Get Happy'?

THE WARDER: That's what I said. 'Get Happy'. And that applies to you, too.

16. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(DAISY K COMES  
INTO THE YARD  
FOLLOWED BY A MAN  
DRESSED IN BLACK  
ESCORTED BY THREE  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
MEMBERS.

JOSEPH C BRINGS  
UP THE REAR OF  
THE PROCESSION.

THE HAPPINESS PATROL  
POSITION THE VICTIM  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE  
YARD AND THEN  
LINE UP FOR INSPECTION.

JOSEPH C WALKS UP  
THE LINE, PRESENTING  
BADGES.

HE GETS TO DAISY K  
AND SHAKES HER HAND)

JOSEPH C: Congratulations.

(HE THEN SHAKES  
HANDS WITH THE  
VICTIM)

Bad luck, old man. Still, we've got  
to be fair, haven't we? It wouldn't  
be cricket otherwise.

17. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL. HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A IS SITTING  
AT A CONSOLE,  
HER HAND TOYING  
WITH A BUTTON.

GILBERT M STANDS  
NEARBY)

GILBERT M: You called, ma'am.

HELEN A: Just curiosity, Gilbert M.  
I wondered what the Kandy Man has  
conjured up for us today.

GILBERT M: It's a fondant surprise,  
ma'am.

HELEN A: Flavour?

GILBERT M: Strawberry, ma'am.

HELEN A: Delicious. My favourite.

18. INT. ARCADIA.

(HAROLD V IS HAVING  
A GO ON ONE OF  
THE ARCADE GAMES,  
THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ARE WATCHING)

ACE: They've got enough games in here.

HAROLD V: Confiscated property. They all used to belong to convicted killjoys. They weren't having enough fun with them.

THE DOCTOR: (THOUGHTFULLY) So, some of these games were real once?

(HAROLD V'S GAME  
COMES TO AN END  
AND HELEN A'S  
FACE COMES UP ON  
A SCREEN ON THE  
MACHINE)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) Enjoy yourself!  
Do you want another game?

HAROLD V: (TO THE DOCTOR) Do you want to be the Happiness Patrol or the killjoy?

THE DOCTOR: I don't really want to be either. (TO ACE, QUIETLY) Ace, go and have a careful look at the other games.

(ACE GOES.)

HAROLD V INDICATES  
THE WARDER, STILL  
EATING SWEETS)

HAROLD V: He hates people having a  
bad time.

THE DOCTOR: All right. I'll be the  
killjoy.

HAROLD V: I'm afraid the killjoy never  
wins.

THE DOCTOR: I didn't think he would.

HAROLD V: So the game's about whether  
the Happiness Patrol deal with you  
on the spot or take you away.

THE DOCTOR: Like your brother, you  
mean.

HAROLD V: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: Where do you think he is?

HAROLD V: I don't know. Somewhere  
out of earshot. Rumour has it that  
Helen A favours the firing squad.

19. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(A FIRING SQUAD  
OF THE THREE  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
IS LINED UP IN  
FRONT OF THE  
VICTIM)

JOSEPH C: (READING DOCUMENT) Oh dear,  
oh dear. I'm afraid it says here that  
you've been found guilty of an  
ostentatious display of public grief.  
Dear, dear, dear.

(THE FIRING SQUAD  
AIM THEIR GUNS  
AT THE VICTIM.)

THE VICTIM WATCHES  
WITH RESIGNATION.

JOSEPH C PUTS ON  
BRIGHTLY COLOURED  
CAP)

And so you've been sentenced to the  
severest penalty decreed by Helen A.

DAISY K: Patrol dismissed!

(THE FIRING SQUAD  
SHOULDER THEIR  
GUNS AND MARCH OUT  
OF THE YARD.)

THE VICTIM LOOKS  
ROUND IN BEWILDERMENT)

20. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL. HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A PUSHES  
THE BUTTON ON  
THE CONSOLE)

21. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN IS  
ALONE.

A SMILING SKULL  
ON ONE OF THE  
SHELVES LIGHTS UP  
AND A HALLOWEEN PUMPKIN.

THE KANDY MAN TURNS  
A METAL WHEEL ON  
ONE OF THE PIPES  
AND SUDDENLY THE  
PIPES ALL BURST  
INTO ACTION, WITH  
MOVING PARTS,  
CREAKING, ETC.

THERE IS A GREAT  
RUSHING SOUND.

THE KANDY MAN TAKES  
A GINGERBREAD MAN  
OUT OF A JAR AND  
BITES ITS HEAD OFF)

22. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(LURID RED FOAM  
GUSHES OUT OF THE  
WASTE PIPE ONTO  
THE VICTIM. HE  
COLLAPSES)

JOSEPH C: The Fondant Surprise!

(JOSEPH C BENDS  
OVER THE VICTIM,  
WHO IS COMPLETELY  
BRUISED AND OBVIOUSLY  
DEAD.

HE DIPS HIS FINGER  
IN THE FOAM AND  
TASTES IT)

Mmm. Strawberry.

23. INT. ARCADIA.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
HAROLD V ARE PLAYING  
THE ARCADE GAME.)

ACE JOINS THEM.

THE WARDER, EATING  
SWEETS, SIDLES  
PAST)

THE DOCTOR: So you're telling me that  
Helen A punishes people for wearing  
dark clothes.

HAROLD V: Public grief she calls it.  
It also covers listening to slow music  
and reading poems. Unless they're  
limericks, of course.

THE DOCTOR: But this is terrible.

ACE: I've found something, Doctor.  
But my tool kit's in my rucksack.

THE DOCTOR: Here.

(HE DISCREETLY  
HANDS HER HIS  
SMALL ROLLED  
TOOL KIT, WHICH  
HE HAS CONCEALED  
IN HIS HAT)

HAROLD V: Walking in the rain, as  
well. If you're on your own and don't  
take an umbrella.

ACE: But why don't people stand up  
to her?

HAROLD V: People are scared.

THE DOCTOR: Remember the Happiness Patrol, Ace.

ACE: A bunch of ratbags.

THE DOCTOR: Ratbags with guns.

HAROLD V: The Happiness Patrol is the nice side of her regime. Do you know who the Kandy Man is, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: He sounds like a sweetie.

HAROLD V: He's dangerous.

THE DOCTOR: Dangerous?

HAROLD V: He's doing experiments. That's why we're here. He needs guinea pigs. Guinea pigs like you and me.

ACE: What sort of experiments?

HAROLD V: I can't find out.

(ACE MOVES OFF WITH  
THE TOOL KIT, TOWARDS  
A GO-KART STYLE  
DRIVING GAME)

THE DOCTOR: So what else does he do, this Kandy Man?

HAROLD V: He makes sweets.

24. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN IS  
CHOPPING INGREDIENTS  
FOR ONE OF HIS  
CONFETIONS.)

HE ACCIDENTALLY  
BRINGS THE KNIFE  
DOWN ON HIS HAND  
AND HIS THUMB COMES  
AWAY.

HE IS IRRITATED  
BY THIS MINOR  
INCONVENIENCE)

KANDY MAN: Drat!

(HE PUTS THE KNIFE  
DOWN AND STICKS  
HIS THUMB BACK  
ON HIS HAND.)

HE WIGGLES IT  
TO CHECK IT IS IN  
GOOD WORKING ORDER)

25. INT. ARCADIA.

(HAROLD V AND  
THE DOCTOR, AS  
BEFORE.

ACE IS NEARBY,  
EXAMINING THE  
GO-KART)

THE DOCTOR: He sounds an interesting  
sort of fellow. I shall look forward  
to meeting him.

HAROLD V: Then you can give him my  
regards, Doctor, because I don't  
intend hanging around to be introduced.  
I'm getting out of here.

THE DOCTOR: Are you sure that's wise?

HAROLD V: Look around. Helen A's  
so keen that we should enjoy ourselves  
that we're not guarded properly.  
(HE NODS AT THE WARDER) I don't think  
he'll put up too much of a fight.

THE DOCTOR: I'd be careful. Helen A  
doesn't sound the type to skimp on  
security.

HAROLD V: We'll just have to see,  
won't we? Nice talking to you, Doctor.

(HAROLD V SUDDENLY  
LEAPS UP AND MAKES  
A BREAK FOR THE  
DOOR.)

THE DOCTOR TRIES  
TO STOP HAROLD V  
BUT HE IS A STRONG  
MAN AND THE DOCTOR  
TUMBLES TO ONE SIDE.

HELEN A's FACE  
APPEARS ON SEVERAL  
MONITORS)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) Enjoy yourself!  
Would you like another game?

(AS SHE SAYS THIS,  
SPACE INVADER TYPE  
MACHINES JUMP  
INTO LIFE, MAKING  
LOTS OF SPACE  
INVADER TYPE NOISES.

LASER BEAMS SUDDENLY  
SHOOT FROM THE  
SCREENS OF THESE  
MACHINES AND CUT  
HAROLD DOWN.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
RUN OVER TO HELP  
HIM BUT IT IS TOO  
LATE.

THE WARDER ARRIVES)

ACE: (SHOCKED) Strewth.

THE WARDER: All right folks, the excitement's over. Go and have a go on the go-kart. The idea is to run over fleeing killjoys. My record's twenty-three. See if you can beat it.

THE DOCTOR: (DISGUSTED) No thanks.  
We've finished playing.

26. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A REMOVES  
A SHEET COVERING  
A CAGE.)

INSIDE THE CAGE  
IS FIFI, HELEN  
A'S PRIDE AND  
JOY.

FIFI IS A SMALL,  
EVIL-LOOKING  
CREATURE,  
REMINISCENT OF A  
PARTICULARLY  
NASTY ALIEN  
FERRET.

SHE HAS GLOWING  
EYES)

HELEN A: Did I leave you, my  
darling? Don't worry, I'm back  
now.

(FIFI GROWLS  
SOFTLY)

27. INT. ARCADIA.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
SEATED IN THE  
COCKPIT OF THE  
GO-KART GAME.

IN FRONT OF  
HIM IS A  
MONITOR.

ACE HAS TAKEN  
THE DASHBOARD  
OFF THE GAME  
AND IS FIDDLING  
AROUND WITH  
ITS INNARDS.

THE WARDER  
COMES OVER,  
EATING SWEETS)

THE WARDER: Changed your mind  
then, have you? I knew you'd  
like this one.

(ACE QUICKLY  
REPLACES THE  
DASHBOARD  
BEFORE THE  
WARDER SEES  
WHAT SHE HAS  
BEEN DOING)

ACE: I'm just getting the hang  
of it.

THE WARDER: So how many killjoys  
have you pulped?

THE DOCTOR: None yet, but we've  
just worked out a system.

THE WARDER: Well, that's all for today. I've got a couple of Happiness Patrol outside.

ACE: We just need one more go.

THE WARDER: Sorry. Orders are orders.

THE DOCTOR: I think I could beat your record.

THE WARDER: Now you're talking. You look like a gambling man, Doctor. Twenty zolphigs says you can't.

THE DOCTOR: You're on.

THE WARDER: You've got thirty seconds.

(HE OFFERS THE  
DOCTOR A SWEET)

Strawberry fondant?

THE DOCTOR: No thanks. Not while I'm driving.

(THE DOCTOR  
INSERTS HIS  
UMBRELLA INTO  
THE MACHINE  
AND USES IT AS  
A STARTING  
CRANK.)

ACE LEAPS  
ABOARD.

THE WHOLE  
GAME SUDDENLY  
UPROOTS ITSELF  
AND CAREERS  
TOWARDS THE  
DOOR.

THE WARDER  
DOESN'T MOVE,  
AMAZED.

HELEN A APPEARS  
ON THE MONITORS)

HELEN A: (ON SCREEN) Enjoy  
yourself!

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE SINK INTO  
THE COCKPIT AS  
THE GAMES FIRE  
ON THEM.

HE DOFFS HIS  
HAT TO ONE OF  
THE MONITORS)

THE DOCTOR: Thanks. We'll try!

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ACE ESCAPE ON  
THE GO-KART,  
JUST AS A  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
GUARD, SUSAN Q,  
COMES SLIDING  
DOWN THE CHUTE,  
CLUTCHING ACE'S  
RUCKSACK.

SHE GOES UP TO  
THE WARDER,  
WHO IS STANDING,  
SPEECHLESS)

SUSAN Q: I'm supposed to be  
collecting a Happiness Patrol  
recruit called Ace Sigma.

THE WARDER: You just missed  
her.

28. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(ACE AND THE  
DOCTOR ARE  
WHIZZING ALONG  
IN THE GO-KART)

THE DOCTOR: Nothing like a nice  
quiet night, eh, Ace?

ACE: Yeah. It's about time we  
had a rest.

29. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A IS  
WITH DAISY K)

HELEN A: So how did the spy  
escape?

DAISY K: He escaped on one  
of the games. The girl went  
with him.

HELEN A: I'm feeling a little  
tired this afternoon, Daisy K.  
Don't try my patience.

DAISY K: It wasn't my fault.  
I'd sent Susan Q to collect  
the girl.

HELEN A: You're a valuable  
member of our team, Daisy K,  
but you need to sharpen up.  
You're getting to be a little  
bit careless.

DAISY K: But I'm always most ...

HELEN A: You wouldn't like to  
be Daisy L again, would you?

DAISY K: No ma'am.

HELEN A: Then don't let me  
down.

30. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(THE GO-KART IS  
STATIONARY.)

ACE IS UNDER-  
NEATH IT WITH  
HER FEET  
STICKING OUT.

THE DOCTOR IS  
WATCHING)

THE DOCTOR: What's wrong with  
it?

(HE NOTICES A  
SPECK OF DUST  
ON THE KART.)

HE TAKES OUT A  
HANDKERCHIEF  
AND POLISHES  
IT. PUTS THE  
HANDKERCHIEF  
AWAY)

ACE: I don't know yet. I  
think it may take some time.

(THE DOCTOR  
TAKES OUT  
A WATCH AND  
CONSULTS IT)

THE DOCTOR: Time is what we  
don't have. Let me have a  
look.

(THE DOCTOR SLIDES  
UNDER THE KART  
WITH ACE)

ACE: (UNDER THE KART) What's the verdict, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: (UNDER THE KART)  
I think it may take some time.

(ACE SLIDES OUT  
FROM UNDER THE  
KART.)

SHE GOES TO  
THE STREET  
CORNER AND SEES  
THE HAPPINESSW  
PATROL, LED BY  
DAISY K,  
APPROACHING.

SHE RUNS BACK  
TO THE KART)

ACE: Any luck, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: I still need a  
little more time.

ACE: You've got it.

(ACE RUNS AWAY  
ROUND THE  
CORNER TOWARDS  
THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL)

31. EXT. STREET WITH FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(DAISY K, SUSAN Q  
AND A DETACHMENT  
OF HAPPINESS  
PATROL GUARDS  
ARE SEARCHING  
DOORWAYS.

THEY HEAR A  
PIERCING WHISTLE.

THEY LOOK UP  
AND SEE ACE  
STRIDING  
TOWARDS THEM)

ACE: OY!

(DAISY K TRAINS  
HER GUN ON ACE)

DAISY K: I arrest you for  
evasion of Happiness Patrol  
auditions.

ACE: Where are they?

DAISY K: What?

ACE: I'm ready for the auditions.  
The question is, are they ready  
for me?

DAISY K: (TO SUSAN Q) Take her  
back to Happiness Patrol  
Headquarters. We'll continue  
the search for the spy.

32. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
STILL UNDER  
THE KART)

THE DOCTOR: That should do it,  
Ace. Nice of the Happiness  
Patrol to leave us in peace.

(HE COMES OUT)

Ace?

(HE GETS INTO  
THE KART AND  
DRIVES OFF.)

AS HE DOES SO,  
THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL GUARDS  
COME ROUND THE  
CORNER.

THEY FIRE THEIR  
GUNS AS HE GOES)

33. EXT. STREET WITH FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(EARL IS WALKING  
DOWN THE EMPTY  
STREET WITH HIS  
TRUMPET, SOFTLY  
PLAYING A SAD,  
BLUSEY TUNE.

HE PASSES A  
MANHOLE COVER  
SET IN THE  
PAVEMENT.

AS HE GOES BY  
THE COVER  
SHIFTS SLIGHTLY  
AND SOMETHING  
SMALL AND UNSEEN  
LOOKS UP AT HIM  
FROM THE SHADOWS  
WITH GLOWING  
EYES.

THESE EYES ARE  
QUITE DIFFERENT  
FROM FIFI'S -  
A DIFFERENT  
COLOUR, FRIENDLIER  
AND MORE ENGAGING.

THE MANHOLE COVER  
SETTLES INTO  
PLACE AGAIN AS  
EARL WALKS AWAY.

AS HE REACHES  
THE OTHER END OF  
THE STREET ANOTHER  
MANHOLE SHIFTS  
AND THIS TIME TWO  
PAIRS OF GLOWING  
EYES WATCH HIM  
AS HE GOES BY,  
PLAYING HIS  
TRUMPET)

34. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(SUSAN Q IS  
ESCORTING ACE  
DOWN THE STREET)

ACE: What's your name, then? Valerie V,  
Zelda Z, Wendy double- ...

SUSAN Q: Quite.

(THEY STOP AND  
LISTEN.)

WE HEAR THE FAINT  
STRAINS OF BLUES  
FROM EARL'S  
TRUMPET)

Do you hear the trumpeter?

ACE: He sounds sad.

SUSAN Q: Yes, he does.

ACE: So you want to arrest him, put  
him in jail, shoot him ...

SUSAN Q: I just want to listen to him.

ACE: Eh?

SUSAN Q: I like it. I used to have a  
collection of blues 78s which came  
from old Earth. I had to destroy them  
when I was vetted for the Happiness  
Patrol. All except one. Big Joe Turner  
singing "Lucille".

ACE: And you managed to hide it from them?

SUSAN Q: No. They found it.

ACE: Oh.

SUSAN Q: Susan Q.

ACE: What?

SUSAN Q: My name. It used to be Susan L.

ACE: But you're all right? They haven't done anything to you?

SUSAN Q: No. Not yet.

(THEY WALK ON)

35. EXT. STREET WITH FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR  
DRIVING ALONG IN  
THE GO-KART.

NO ONE ELSE  
AROUND.

THE GO-KART  
BEGINS TO MISFIRE)

36. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL. HEADQUARTERS.

(ACE IS TRYING,  
VERY INEPTLY,  
TO SPIN A  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
CHEER LEADER -  
STYLE BATON.

SUSAN Q IS  
WATCHING HER)

SUSAN Q: OK. Stop there. I can't take any more. We won't even bother looking at your dancing. Do you know any jokes?

ACE: I always forget jokes.

SUSAN Q: How about songs?

ACE: (QUICKLY) I know this great song about this guy and his girlfriend and she drops the ring he gave her on a railway track and when she goes back to get it she's killed by a train and so he's really miserable for the rest of his life. It's fantastic.

SUSAN Q: Happy songs, Ace. Songs about sunshine and furry animals.

37. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR DRIVES  
THE FALTERING  
GO-KART INTO THE  
STREET.

IT CHUGS TO A  
HALT)

38. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(ACE SITTING  
ALONE.

A HAPPINESS PATROL  
GUARD COMES DOWN  
THE FIRE POLE AND  
WALKS TO THE EXIT.

SHE CHECKS ACE'S  
POSITION, THEN  
CAREFULLY UNLOCKS  
THE DOOR AND GOES  
OUT.

SUSAN Q COMES  
IN, LOCKING THE  
DOOR BEHIND HER.  
SHE CARRIES VARIOUS  
OBJECTS.

SHE SETS THEM  
DOWN IN FRONT  
OF ACE)

SUSAN Q: Let's see. Tap dance taps,  
snorkel, telephone book, musical  
triangle, masking tape, sandpaper. I  
think that's it.

ACE: What about the boxing gloves?

SUSAN Q: I don't remember those. Are  
they important?

ACE: Vital.

(SUSAN Q SIGHS  
AND TURNS TO GO)

SUSAN Q: Your speciality act had  
better be good.

ACE: You'll love it.

(SUSAN Q GOES  
OUT AND THE DOOR  
LOCKS BEHIND HER.

ACE IMMEDIATELY  
DISCARDS ALL THE  
OBJECTS EXCEPT  
THE TAPE AND THE  
SANDPAPER.

SHE SWIFTLY TAPES  
SOME SANDPAPER  
TO HER SHOES AND  
FASTENS A PIECE  
TO EACH HAND.

SHE GOES TO THE  
FIRE POLE, TAKES  
A DEEP BREATH,  
THEN JUMPS ON IT  
AND BEGINS TO  
SHINNY UP, USING  
THE SANDPAPER TO  
GRIP IT.

SHE DISAPPEARS UP  
THE POLE)

39. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR'S  
GO-KART HAS BROKEN  
DOWN. HE IS  
BENDING OVER THE  
MOTOR.

SILAS P COMES  
DOWN THE STREET,  
SEES THE DOCTOR  
AT WORK AND SITS  
ON THE BENCH.

HE HIDES BEHIND  
HIS JOURNAL, AS  
IN THE FIRST  
SCENE.

THE DOCTOR TURNS,  
SEES SILAS, AND  
GOES OVER TO THE  
BENCH)

THE DOCTOR: Excuse me. You wouldn't  
be able to lend me a coin, would you?  
A zolphig perhaps? My game's over.

SILAS P. And you have no money?

THE DOCTOR: No Alphan money. I'm  
still looking for a good exchange rate.

SILAS P: (TURNING OUT HIS POCKETS)  
I'm afraid I don't have any zolphigs.  
But I can offer you the hand of friend-  
ship. Sit down. Tell me about yourself.

THE DOCTOR: (SITTING DOWN) I'm looking  
for Helen A. Perhaps you could point  
me in the right direction.

SILAS P: I can tell you where to find her. But when you meet her make sure you're smiling.

THE DOCTOR: Smiling?

SILAS P: She hates miserable people. Haven't you heard about the massacre, then?

THE DOCTOR: I've heard rumours.

SILAS P: Helen A got angry at the end of last year. She sent her spies out to find the most depressing township on the planet. The Happiness Patrol went in and razed the place to the ground.

THE DOCTOR: But why?

SILAS P: Policy. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to distress you.

THE DOCTOR: I'm not distressed. I'm angry. Why don't people stand up to her?

SILAS P: There are lots of reasons. The Happiness Patrol, the Kandy Man ...

THE DOCTOR: The Kandy Man! He's next on my list of people to see.

SILAS P: Then I'd cross him off fast if I were you. He's Helen A's henchman. Does all her dirty work. (A PAUSE) There are small pockets of resistance, though. Quiet murmurings of rebellion. Are you interested?

THE DOCTOR: Of course.

SILAS P: There's a place, a secret place, where we're planning for the day when Helen A and the Kandy Man will be called to account. Here. My card.

THE DOCTOR: Thanks. (READING) Silas P.

SILAS P: Other side.

THE DOCTOR: Happiness Patrol Undercover. Excellent. Perhaps you could take a message ...

(SILAS P BLOWS  
HIS WHISTLE.

AS HE BLOWS,  
EARL SIGMA SNEAKS  
UP BEHIND THEM  
AND HITS SILAS P  
WITH HIS TRUMPET.

SILAS P FALLS  
BACKWARDS AND THE  
TRUMPET FALLS TO  
THE GROUND.

THE DOCTOR PICKS  
UP THE TRUMPET  
AND BLOWS DOWN  
IT)

You've dented one of your valves.

(EARL SIGMA SNATCHES  
THE TRUMPET FROM  
HIM)

EARL: Never mind about the valves.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Shall we go?

(AS THEY RUN DOWN  
THE STREET SILAS P  
CLAMBERS BACK  
ONTO THE BENCH.

HE SITS WITH HIS  
HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

THE HAPPINESS PATROL  
ARRIVE. THEY SEE  
A MAN LOOKING  
MISERABLE. THEY  
RAISE THEIR GUNS.

SILAS P LOOKS UP)

SILAS P: No! Wait!

40. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KANDY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(AS THE DOCTOR  
AND EARL SIGMA  
RUN INTO THE  
STREET WE HEAR  
THE HAPPINESS PATROL  
SHOOTING SILAS P.

THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL FLATTEN  
THEMSELVES AGAINST  
A WALL)

THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.

EARL: Earl Sigma, a travelling musician.

THE DOCTOR: Pleased to meet you.

EARL: Likewise.

THE DOCTOR: Tell me, what does the  
Sigma mean?

EARL: It stands for alien. All  
visitors are called Sigma.

THE DOCTOR: So I'm Doctor Sigma.

EARL: That's it.

THE DOCTOR: Doctor Sigma. Yes, I  
like it. Better than Theta Sigma.

(THEY HEAR THE  
HORN OF THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL VEHICLE AS IT  
APPROACHES)

EARL: Let's go!

(THE DOCTOR HOLDS  
EARL BACK. HE'S  
SEEN THE DOOR AT  
THE 'KANDY KITCHEN')

THE DOCTOR: Wait. In here. There's  
someone I'd like to meet.

(THE DOCTOR STEERS  
EARL SIGMA THROUGH  
THE DOORWAY)

41. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(POTS ARE STILL  
BUBBLING ON STOVES,  
UTENSILS HANGING  
UP AND INGREDIENTS  
LAID OUT ON THE  
TABLE.

THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL COME IN AND  
LOOK AROUND)

EARL: What is this place?

THE DOCTOR: I believe it's where they  
make sweets.

42. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE KANDY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(WE SEE A POSTER  
FOR "TONIGHT - THE  
GRAND HAPPINESS  
PATROL AUDITION".

ACE RUNS PAST.

A FEMALE VOICE  
SHOUTS 'HALT, OR  
I FIRE!'

ACE KEEPS RUNNING,  
PAST THE DOOR OF  
THE KANDY KITCHEN.

MACHINE GUN ROUNDS  
ARE FIRED.

ACE DROPS TO THE  
GROUND. SHE WAITS  
A MOMENT, LOOKS  
BEHIND HER, AND  
THEN GETS UP TO  
CONTINUE RUNNING.

SHE RUNS STRAIGHT  
INTO DAISY K AND  
HER FUN GUN.

OTHER MEMBERS OF  
THE HAPPINESS PATROL  
ARRIVE. THEY  
ESCORT ACE AWAY)

INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL SIGMA ARE  
STILL EXAMINING  
THE KITCHEN.)

GILBERT M BUSTLES  
IN.

THEY TRY TO HIDE  
UNDER THE TABLE  
BUT GILBERT M  
HAS ALREADY SEEN  
THEM. HE TAKES  
NO NOTICE OF THEM)

GILBERT M: They think it's easy. A thousand pounds of praline kracknel indeed! They don't know about his moods. He's terrible when he's roused. I tell them but they don't believe me. They're lucky they get any sweets at all ...

(THE KANDY MAN  
COMES IN, HIS  
FEET MAKING SUCKING  
NOISES AS THEY  
TOUCH THE GROUND.)

HE CARRIES A  
LARGE HAMMER)

KANDY MAN: Enough!

(GILBERT M SCURRIES  
AWAY.)

THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL SIGMA SLINK  
UNDER THE TABLE)

Where are my specimens?

GILBERT M: If they think it's so easy they should have a go at making sweets themselves. Most of them wouldn't know popcorn from peppermints.

KANDY MAN: I said where are my specimens. It's time for an experiment.

GILBERT M: I think they just nipped under the table.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL SIGMA ARE  
UNDER THE TABLE)

EARL: What do we do?

THE DOCTOR: Follow me.

(THE KANDY MAN  
MOVES OVER TO THE  
TABLE.)

AS HE BENDS DOWN,  
THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL SIGMA SLIP  
OUT AND TAKE  
COVER BEHIND THE  
OVEN)

KANDY MAN: There's no one here.

GILBERT M: But I saw them. We had a bit of a chat. They seemed very pleasant.

KANDY MAN: Show me.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL SIGMA ARE  
NOW BEHIND THE  
OVEN)

EARL: I thought you said you wanted to meet him?

THE DOCTOR: Another time perhaps. At the moment things are looking a bit sticky. We'll aim for the door.

(GILBERT M IS  
LOOKING UNDER  
THE TABLE)

GILBERT M: Well I'll be blowed. I could have sworn they were under here.

KANDY MAN: I can feel one of my moods coming on.

THE DOCTOR: (WHISPERING) Go!

(THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL SIGMA MAKE  
A BREAK FOR THE  
DOOR.)

THE KANDY MAN  
SEES THEM AND  
FLICKS A SWITCH  
WHICH DROPS A  
HEAVY BAR ACROSS  
THE DOOR.

AS THE DOCTOR  
AND EARL SIGMA  
DESPERATELY TRY  
TO LIFT THE BAR  
WE HEAR THE  
SUCKING NOISE OF  
THE KANDY MAN'S  
FEET APPROACHING)

KANDY MAN: (O.O.V.) Welcome to the Kandy Kitchen, gentlemen. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL SIGMA TURN  
TO SEE THE KANDY MAN)

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure the pleasure  
will be ours.

KANDY MAN: I do hope so. I like my  
volunteers to die with smiles on their  
faces.

(THE KANDY MAN  
GIVES THEM A  
BROAD SMILE. HIS  
TEETH ARE BLACK.

THE THEME MUSIC  
BEGINS )

FADE OUT